But where to morrow ? well all is one for that :
Who hath descried the number of the foe ;
*Nor.* Six or seuen thousand is their greatest number.
*King.* Why, our battalian trebles that account;
Besides that, a Kings name is a Tower of strength,
Which they vpon the aduerse party want :
Vp with my Tent there valiant Gentlemen,
Let vs suruey the vantage or the field,
Call for some men of sound direction,
Lets want no discipline make no delay,
For Lords to morrow is a busie day, *Exeunt.*

*Enter Richard with the Lords.*

*Rich.* The weary Sunne hath made a golden seat,
And by the bright tracke of his fiery Carre,
Giues signall of a goodly day to morrow,
Where is Sir *William Brandon*, he shall beare my standerd,
The Earle of *Pembrooke* keepe his regiment,
Good Captaine *Blunt*, beare my good night to him,
And by the second houre in the morning,
Desire the Earle to see me in my Tent.
Yet one thing more, good *Blunt* before thou goest,
Where is Lord *Stanley* quarterd, doest thou know ?
*Blunt.* Vnlesse I haue mistaine his colours much,
Which well I am assur'd I haue not done,
His regiment lieth halfe a mile at least,
South from the mighty power of the King.
*Rich.* If without perrill it be possible,
Good Captaine *Blunt* beare my good night to him,
And giue him from me this most needfull scrowle.
*Blunt.* Vpon my life my Lord, Ile vndertake it.
*Rich.* Farewell Good *Blunt.*
Giue me some Inke and paper in my Tent;
Ile draw the forme and modle of our battell,
Limit each leader to his seuerall charge,
And part in iust proportion our small strength :
Come let vs consult vpon the morrowes businesse,
In our Tent, the aire is raw and cold.

*Enter King Richard, Nor. Ratcliffe, Catesby.*

*King.* What is a clocke ?

Cat.



*Cat.* It is six of the clocke, ful
*Kin.* I will not sup to night, gi
What is my Beauer easier then
And all my armour layd into n
*Cat.* It is my Liege, and all thi
*Kin.* Good *Norfolke* hie thee
Vse carefull watch, chuse trusty
*Nor.* I goe my Lord.
*Kin.* Stur with the Larke to
*Nor.* I warrant you my Lor
*Kin.* *Catesby.*
*Rat.* My Lord.
*Kin.* Send out a Pursseuant a
To *Stanleys* regiment, bid him
Before Sun-rising, least his sonne
Into the blind caue of eternall
Fill me a boule of Wine, giue n
Saddle white Surrey for the fie
Looke that my staues be sound
*Rat.* My Lord.
*Kin.* Sawest thou the melanc
*Rat.* *Thomas* the Earle of *Sur*
Much like Cockshut time, fron
Went through the army cherin
*Kin.* So I am satisfied, giue n
I haue not that alacrity of spi
Nor cleare of mind that I was
Set it downe, is Inke and pape
*Rat.* It is my Lord.
*Kin.* Bid my guard watch, l
*Ratcliffe* about the midst of ni
And helpe to arme me, leaue m

*Enter Darby to Richm*

*Dar.* Fortune and victory sit
*Rich.* All comfort that the d
Be to thy person noble father i
Tell me how fares our noble n
*Dar.* I by atturney blesse the
Who prayes continually for

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard III* (STC 22321) LONDON, 1634 UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH (JA 37